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Continuation of the Criticiſm on the Tragedy of All for Love, *or* The World well loſt.

IN the Concluſion of the fourth Act the Poet has left us in a fine Suſpence, with reſpect to the Cataſtrophe; *Octavia* is gone with Reſentment, *Dolabella* diſgrac'd, and *Cleopatra* herſelf remember'd only with Bitterneſs and Reproaches: *Antony* remains in a ſullen, gloomy Deſpair, reſolv'd on nothing but to ſell his Life as dearly as he can to his Enemies. ——The fifth Act opens with *Cleopatra*'s Rage at *Alexas* for the ill Succeſs of his Project to regain *Antony*, and the Account of the *Egyptian Fleets* going over to *Octavia*. This compleats the Ruin of the unhappy Pair, and the cowardly Lie of *Alexas*, to ſave his own Life, by feigning the Death of *Cleopatra*, is an admirable Incident to reconcile *Antony* to her Memory, and haſten his End: Accordingly, he does not think the World any longer worth contending for, and what follows between him and *Ventidius*, his laſt Conference and Reconciliation with *Cleopatra*, makes the Tale perfect, and winds up the whole Machine.

Antony, Ventidius.

Ant. I Will not fight: There's no more Work for War.
The Buſineſs of my angry Hours is done.
Vent. *Cæſar* is at your Gates.
Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.
Vent. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a Scorn of Life, and juſt Deſire
To free myſelf from Bondage.
Vent. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O *Ventidius!*
What ſhould I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandiſe to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now ſhe's dead,
Let *Cæſar* take the World ——
An empty Circle, ſince the Jewel's gone
Which made it worth my Striſe: My Being's nauſeous;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.
Vent. Wou'd you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius:*
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæſar*'s Reach,
And lay down Life myſelf. 'Tis Time the World
Should have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its Homage in Suſpence,
And bent the Globe on whoſe each Side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my Part.
My Torch is out; and the World ſtands before me
Like a black Deſart, at th' Approach of Night:
I'll lay me down, and ſtray no farther on.
Vent. I could be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you: Chuſe your Death;
For I have ſeen him in ſuch various Shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The Life I bear is worn to ſuch a Rag,
'Tis ſcarce worth giving. I could wiſh indeed,
We threw it from us with a better Grace;
That like two Lions taken in the Toils,
We might at leaſt thruſt out our Paws, and wound
The Hunters that incloſe us.
Ant. I have thought on't.
Ventidius, you muſt live.
Vent. I muſt not, Sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live, to ſpeak ſome Good of me?
To ſtand by my fair Fame, and guard th' Approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?
Vent. Who ſhall guard mine,
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I command it.
Vent. If we dig well, our Deaths will ſpeak themſelves,
And need no living Witneſs.
Ant. Thou haſt lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee: I muſt die;
Kill me; and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Cæſar*.
Vent. Thank your Kindneſs.
You ſaid I lov'd you; and, in Recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: Did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I ſhou'd die
With a hard Thought of you?
Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra*'s Death
My Reaſon bears no Rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my Thoughts break all at Random out.
I have thought better; do not deny me twice.
Vent. By Heav'n I will not,
Let it not be t'out live you.
Ant. Kill me firſt,
And then die thou: For 'tis but juſt thou ſerve
Thy Friend, before thyſelf.
Vent. Give me you Hand,
We ſoon ſhall meet again. Now, Farewel, Emperor.
[*Embrace.*
Methinks that Word's too cold to be my laſt:
Since Death ſweeps all Diſtinctions, Farewel, Friend.
That's all ——
I will not make a Bus'neſs of a Trifle:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your Face.
Ant. I do: Strike home be ſure.
Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach. [*Kills himſelf.*
Ant. O, thou miſtak'ſt;
That Wound was none of thine: Give it me back:
Thou robb'ſt me of my Death.
Vent. I do indeed;
But, think 'tis the firſt Time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my Pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend. [*Dies.*
Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!
My Queen and thou have got the Start of me;
And I'm the Lag of Honour —— Gone ſo ſoon?
Is Death no more? He us'd him careleſſly,
With a familiar Kindneſs: E'er he knock'd,
Ran to the Door and took him in his Arms,
As who ſhould ſay, You're welcome at all Hours,
A Friend need give no Warning. Books had ſpoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profeſſion.
'Tis not worth
My farther Thought; for Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be ſatisfy'd.
[*Falls on his Sword.*
I've miſs'd my Heart. O unperforming Hand!
Thou never could'ſt have err'd in a worſe Time,
My Fortune jades me to the laſt; and Death,
Like a great Man, takes State, and makes me wait
For my Admittance —— [*Trampling within.*
Some perhaps from *Cæſar*:
If he ſhould find me living, and ſuſpect
That I play'd Booty with my Life! I'll mend
My Work, e're they can reach me. [*Riſes upon his Knees.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is my Lord? Where is he?
Char. There he lies,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.
Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas!* [*Runs to him.*
Ant. Art thou living?
Or I am dead before I knew? and thou
The firſt kind Ghoſt that meets me?
Cleo. Help me ſeat him.
Send quickly, ſend for Help. [*They place him in a Chair.*
Ant. I am anſwer'd.
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra:*
I'll make the moſt I can of Life, to ſtay
A Moment more with thee.
Cleo. How is it with you?
Ant. 'Tis as with a Man
Removing in a Hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his Haſte forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the Spur:
So I come back, for thee.
Cleo. Too long, ye Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me;
Now ſhow your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting Life.
Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my Soul by Force.
Say but thou art not falſe.
Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To ſay I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:
Which, when I knew, I haſted, to prevent
This fatal Conſequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.
Ant. And *Dolabella* ——
Cleo. Scarce eſteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.
Ant. Enough: My Life's not long enough for more.
Thou ſay'ſt thou wilt not come after; I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate're thou ſay'ſt,
That we may part more kindly.
Cleo. I will come:
Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too!
Cæſar ſhall triumph o'er no Part of thee.
Ant. But grieve not, while thou ſtay'ſt,
My laſt diſaſtrous Times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious Day;
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm
Juſt till our Cloſe of Ev'ning. Ten Years Love,
And not a Moment loſt, but all improv'd
To th' utmoſt Joys! What Ages have we liv'd?
And now to die each other's; and ſo dying,
While Hand in Hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghoſts ſhall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.
Cleo. Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too ſweet to laſt. Were there ſo many Hours
For your Unkindneſs, and not one for Love?
Ant. No, not a Minute—This one Kiſs—more Worth
Than all I leave to *Cæſar*. [*Dies.*
Cleo. O, tell me ſo again,
And take ten thouſand Kiſſes, for that Word.
My Lord, my Lord! Speak, if you yet have Being;
Sigh to me if you cannot ſpeak; or caſt
One Look: Do any Thing that ſhows you live.
Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you ſee, a Lump of ſenſeleſs Clay,
The Leavings of a Soul.
Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.
Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
What ſhould become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;
For 'tis to that high Title I aſpire,
And now I'll not die leſs. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive, to mourn him dead: My noble Fate
Shall knit our Spouſals with a Tie too ſtrong
For *Roman* Laws to break.
Iras. Will you then die?
Cleo. Why ſhould'ſt thou make that Queſtion?
Iras. *Cæſar* is merciful.
Cleo. Let him be ſo
To thoſe that want his Mercy: My poor Lord
Made no ſuch Cov'nant with him, to ſpare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæſar*'s Pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to baſe *Plebeian* Eyes;
While ſome dejected Friend of *Antony*'s,
Cloſe in a Corner, ſhakes his Head, and mutters
A ſecret Curſe on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.
Char. Whatever you reſolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.
Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more ſhould fear to live without you.
Cleo. Why now 'tis as it ſhould be. Quick, my Friends,
Diſpatch; e're this, the Town's in *Cæſar*'s Hands:

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my Stay,
Leſt I ſhould be ſurpriz'd;
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richeſt Jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lies dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.
Iras. The Aſpicks, Madam?
Cleo. Muſt I bid you twice?
'Tis ſweet to die, when they would force Life on me,
To ruſh into the dark Abode of Death
And ſeize him firſt; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful ſure,
We're now alone, in Secreſy and Silence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiſs
Thoſe pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not ſee me;
And, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than ſee him in her Arms——O welcome, welcome.

SATURDAY, *April* 5.

ON Tueſday laſt ended the Trial of the great Cauſe between the King, Plaintiff, and *Johnſon*, an old Alderman of this City, and others, Defendants, relating to the City Charter, before the Hon. Mr. *Verney*, Chief Juſtice of *Cheſter*; the Repreſentatives, Sir *Robert Groſvenor*, and Sir *Charles Bunbury*, Barts. came on Purpoſe from *London* to attend it; and a vaſt Number of the neighbouring Gentlemen came hither on the ſame Occaſion: It was try'd by a Special Jury of Gentlemen of great Fortune in the County; and after a Trial of 14 Hours, the Jury found every Iſſue in Favour of the Defendants.

The Rejoicings in this City, by the Friends of the *Groſvenors*, is inexpreſſible, being greater than ever was known there before. It is computed, that the carrying on, and trying this Cauſe, has coſt both Parties at leaſt 10,000 *l.*

Deaths. Yeſterday died *Robert Davis* of *Lincoln's-Inn*, Eſq; Barriſter at Law.——The ſame Day died in the *Fleet* Priſon, having been there about three Months, *William Day*, Eſq; late Clerk of the Peace for *Somerſetſhire*.

MONDAY, *April* 7.

When Mr. *Thomas Over*, one of his Majeſty's Meſſengers in Ordinary, arriv'd at *Peterſburgh* with the Treaty of Commerce concluded between *Great Britain* and *Ruſſia*, the *Engliſh* Merchants reſiding in that City, were pleaſed to make him a Preſent of 100 Ducats for the agreeable News.

His Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* hath been pleaſed to make a Preſent of a fine wrought Gold Snuff-Box, richly ſet with Diamonds and Rubies, in which was encloſed a Pair of brilliant Diamond Knee-Buckles, as alſo a Purſe of 100 Guineas, to the famous Signior *Farinelli*, who hath conſtantly attended at all his Royal Highneſs's Concerts of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, ſince he came from *Italy*.

On Saturday laſt about Noon, a Reverend Clergyman and another Gentleman came together to the *Fleet* Priſon; after having diſcharg'd the Debts, paid the Fees of nine poor unfortunate Perſons therein confined, giving to each of them Half a Crown, for their Pockets; they afterwards made a liberal Diſtribution of Money to ſeveral others; and at going away, put into the common Box another handſome Memorial of their Charity.

The *Briſtol Merchant*, Capt. *Scott*, is arriv'd at *Leghorn* from *Philadelphia*, and in her Paſſage met with a *French* Ship of about ten Guns and 150 Men, off the Weſtern Iſlands, bound from *Africa* to *Old Spain*, who demanded the Captain on board; but the Sea running high, he would not venture to put out his Boat; whereupon the *Frenchman* fir'd a Six-Pounder at him, which went in under the Cabbin-Window, and broke one of the Upper-Deck Beams; after which, they fir'd four or five Times more, but without much Damage, and then boarded him, demanding his Papers and Bills of Health; they threaten'd to throw the Captain over-board, but quitted the Ship without further Damage.

On Thurſday laſt the Aſſizes ended at *Worceſter*, when 17 Perſons were try'd, one of whom was capitally convicted for Burglary, and receiv'd Sentence of Death; but before the Judges left the Town, he was repriev'd for Tranſportation. Three were caſt for Tranſportation, and three burnt in the Hand.

A *Scotch* Pedlar having been lately murder'd and robb'd near *Ludlow-Caſtle* in *Shropſhire*, a *Welchwoman*, who had ſold Silk Handkerchiefs for ſix Shillings a Dozen, which coſt thirty, and Hollands, Cambricks, and other Goods in Proportion, was on Sunday Se'nnight laſt committed to the Houſe of Correction at *Worceſter*, till further Enquiry could be made; and a Meſſenger being ſent into *Montgomeryſhire*, upon his Return brought an Account, that one *Hugh Jones*, the Husband of the above *Welchwoman*, and two of his Sons, were committed to *Pool* Gaol, by Sir *John Price* of *Newtown*, for the Murder of one *John Ree*, a *Scotchman*, which was confeſs'd, as alſo, that they had murder'd one *John Burkley*, another *Scotchman*, above half a Year ſince.

On Saturday laſt three Women and a Man were committed to *Newgate*, for robbing a Woman in *Stocks-Market* of ſix Guineas and ſome Silver; amongſt whom is one *Haycock*, Daughter of *Mary Haycock*, who was burnt a few Months ago at *Tyburn* for Coining; and about ten Days ago another of the ſaid *Haycock*'s Daughters was committed to the ſame Gaol for Shoplifting.

Death. On Saturday laſt died, at *Upminſter* in *Eſſex*, the learned and ingenious Dr. *Derham*, Canon of *Windſor*, Rector of *Upminſter*, and F. R. S.

TUESDAY, *April* 8.

The Counteſs Dowager of *Drogheda* did, by her laſt Will and Teſtament, bequeath all her perſonal Eſtate, of great Value, to *Sidney Meadows*, Eſq; Member of Parliament for *Taviſtock*, and eldeſt Son to Sir *Philip Meadows*, of *Whitehall*, Knight-Marſhal.

A great Number of new Guineas having lately been put off, which are bad and Counterfeit, it may not be improper to give our Readers the following Caution: A few Days ago two Men, one very well dreſs'd, and the other like a Country Gardener, came into a Glover's in *Buſh-Lane*, and bargaining for a Pair of Gloves, offer'd the Maſter of the Shop a new Guinea to change, which he ſcrupling, they offer'd him ſeveral others, but all new; upon which he ſuſpecting them to be Counterfeits, told them he would go out and get one chang'd, deſigning to ſecure them; but they pretending to be in a Hurry, would not ſtay; they afterwards chang'd one at a Butcher's Shop in the Neighbourhood, where they bought a Pound or two of Mutton; but having offer'd them at ſeveral other Places without Succeſs, they made off. We hear ſeveral hundred of theſe bad Guineas are already paſs'd away.

On Thurſday Evening the Corpſe of *Thomas Hill*, Eſq; was interr'd at *Chriſt-Church* in *Canterbury*. In digging of his Grave, a Coffin was diſcover'd, which ſeem'd to be of great Antiquity, tho' no Letters or Date appear'd upon it, yet ſome ſuppoſe it to be Archbiſhop *Peckham's*, who dy'd in the Year 1292, it being found very near his Wooden Monument.

Deaths. On Sunday died, at her Houſe in *Bedford-Row*, the Lady *Eyles*, Widow of Sir *Francis Eyles*, Bart. an eminent Merchant of this City, many Years a Director of the *Eaſt-India* Company, and Alderman of *Bridge* Ward.——Yeſterday died, at his Houſe in *Queen-Square*, *Weſtminſter*, Sir *James Madding*, Bart. of the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 9.

On Monday the Spital Sermon was preach'd at St. *Bride's* Church by the Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and Yeſterday the Rev. Dr. *Newcomb*, Dean of *Glouceſter*.

The Cuſtom of preaching theſe Sermons at *Eaſter* is of great Antiquity, and is intended to excite Charity towards the Hoſpitals of this City, whence by Abbreviation they are call'd *Spital* Sermons.

The Deſign, the Expence, the OEconomy and Treatment of our Hoſpitals, exceed thoſe of any Nation in *Europe*, and are anſwerable to the generous and human Diſpoſition which *Engliſhmen* have ſuperior to other People.

There are 1138 Children now boarded and educated in *Chriſt's-Hoſpital*; 125 were put out Apprentices laſt Year, ten of them to Commanders of Ships; eight died in the Hoſpital.

In St. *Bartholomew's-Hoſpital*, 4803 Perſons, as well Foreigners as Natives, were laſt Year cur'd, and many of them reliev'd with Money to carry them to their Habitations; 316 died, and 684 are now remaining under Cure: In all 5803.

In St. *Thomas's-Hoſpital* there were 4688 Perſons cur'd and reliev'd in like Manner, 307 died, and 666 remain under Cure; in all for one Year 5661.

At *Bridewell* 325 miſerable and indigent People were ſuſtain'd and reliev'd, and 91 Apprentices brought up in divers Arts and Trades.

At *Bethlem* 140 diſtracted Perſons were admitted, of which 107 were cur'd, and 33 died; there are at preſent 177 Patients there.

This Day the Spital Sermon was preach'd at St. *Bride's* before the Aldermen, Sheriffs, *&c.* by the Rev. Dr. *Bernard*, and afterwards they return'd to Dinner at *Drapers-Hall*, where a handſome Entertainment was provided for them by Alderman *Salter*, and in the Evening there was a Ball.

Alderman *Perry's* Feaſt Yeſterday at *Drapers-Hall*, was reckon'd one of the genteeleſt Entertainments that ever was known in the City; and was graced by the Counteſs of *Strafford*, Lady *Anne Conolly*, Lady *Baltimore*, Mrs. *Northey*, and a great Number of fine Ladies, very richly dreſs'd; alſo the Marquis of *Lothian*, Lord Viſcount *Wentworth*, the Rt. Hon. the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and ſeveral of the Nobility and Gentry: The Whole was conducted with that fine Regularity and Decorum, that it equall'd the politeſt Entertainment, and ſhew'd the elegant Taſte of the Donor.

The Merchants of *Briſtol* have agreed to erect a Light-houſe on the *Flat-holms*, for the Direction of all Ships going up or coming down the Channel, which muſt be of ſingular Advantage to the Navigation, conſidering how many dangerous Shoals, Sands, *&c.* there are in it. The Light houſe will be finiſh'd this Summer.

They write from *Brecknockſhire*, that two Men were committed to the County Gaol, who were concern'd in a Gang of about Fifteen, in attempting to rob the Houſe of Sir *Henry Howarth*, Member of Parliament for the County of *Radnor*, but were prevented, by Occaſion of the Kennel of Hounds being let out that Night about the Houſe. 'Tis ſuppoſed the Rogues loiter'd about the Houſe ſome Time; for in about two Hours after, as ſoon as Day appeared, the Huntſman took four Couple of the Hounds, and laid them on the Foot of the Rogues; the Hounds took the Scent, and run it near three Miles, to a Cottage where their Rendezvous was. The Huntſman try'd the Hounds beyond the Cottage,

but they could make it out no further; upon which the Servants and Country People, who followed the Hounds, entered the Houſe and took two of them, the reſt making their Eſcape. The Cottage was found to be well ſtored with Proviſions, and great Quantities of Goods which they had ſtolen in the Neighbourhood.

His Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* hath given Directions for a Ball-Room of 150 Feet in Length, to be built in the Royal Garden in *Pall-Mall*.

We hear, by a Letter from *Newport* in the *Iſle of Wight*, that a few Days ago Mr. *Johnſon*, who formerly lived in *Grays-Inn*, and now lives in the ſaid Iſland, being at a publick Entertainment, given by Sir *Robert Worſeley* in that Neighbourhood, ſaw, in Company with another, Mr. *Henry Fiſher*, who broke out of *Newgate* (with the noted *Roger Johnſon*) the Day before his intended Trial, for the Murder of Mr. *Darby*, jun. of the *Temple*; whom he knew by his frequenting of *Grays-Inn*; upon which he, and another Perſon, whom he acquainted with the Affair, apprehended and carried them before two of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace, who not thinking him the right Perſon, diſcharged him and his Companion, and order'd Mr. *Johnſon* to make a publick Recantation in the Market-Place at *Newport*. But the ſaid two Perſons making the beſt Uſe of their Liberty, left their Lodgings, which they had hired for ſome Time, and immediately quitted the Iſland, with a Deſign, it's thought, of making off for *Holland*.

On Sunday Night about Eight o'Clock, two Gentlemen going from *Putney* to *Richmond*, with a Servant carrying a Candle and Lanthorn before them, were attack'd by three Foot-pads on *Putney-Common*; one of whom ſeiz'd the Servant with the Light, and the other preſented Piſtols to the Gentlemen, and robb'd them of their Watches, Money, and the Servant's Silver Buckles. They then turn'd the Light to the Servant, and wiſh'd the Gentlemen a good Night, making off towards *Mortlake*.

Death. Laſt Thurſday died, at his Seat at *St. Donat's* in *Glamorganſhire*, Sir *Edward Stradling*, Bart.

Bankrupts. *John Hudſon*, of *Howden*, in the County of *York*, Mercer, Draper, and Grocer. ——*Thomas Bell*, of *Elton*, in the County of *Huntingdon*, Miller and Chapman.——*William Stanton*, of *Shoe-Lane*, *London*, Maſon.——*Peter Mulcaſter*, of *Steward-ſtreet* in the *Old Artillery-Ground*, Weaver.——*Samuel Cubit*, of the City of *Norwich*, Worſted Weaver.

THURSDAY, *April* 10.

His Majeſty was lately pleas'd to grant a Penſion of 500*l.* *per Annum* to Dr. *James Douglas*, the Man-Midwife, who hath attended her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Orange* ſeveral Months in *Holland*.

Dr. *Lynch*, Dean of *Canterbury*; Dr. *Herring*, Dean of *Rocheſter*; Dr. *Denne*, Archdeacon of *Rocheſter*; and Mr. *Stringer Belcher*, Rector of *Ulcomb*, are all put in the Commiſſion of the Peace for the County of *Kent*, and are about to qualify themſelves for acting Juſtices. And

The Rev. Mr. *John Holman*, Rector of *Limpſfield* in *Surrey*, is put in the Commiſſion of the Peace for that County, and next Week deſigns to qualify himſelf accordingly.

On Saturday laſt his Grace the Duke of *Bridgwater's* Colt was to have run at *Newmarket* againſt the Earl of *Portmore's* Colt for 200 Guineas, but his Grace paid the Forfeit of 100.

On Monday the Sweep-Stakes appointed in the Liſt for Yeſterday were run at *Newmarket*; the Match was for a Colt of the Earl of *Eſſex*, a Colt of the Earl of *Halliſax*, Lord *Middleton's Filly*, and Sir *Michael Newton's* bay Colt, the Stakes 100 Guineas each; but only Sir *Michael Newton's* and Lord *Eſſex's* Colts ſtarted; the Bets at ſtarting were 35 to 10 on Sir *Michael Newton's* Colt, and he won the Stakes.

Lord *Lonſdale's Monkey*, which was to have run the ſame Day againſt the Duke of *Bolton's Looby* for 300 Guineas, paid the Forfet of 150.

On Monday laſt as Sir *John Osborne* was coming (with a Servant) over *Milford-Heath*, between *Godalmin* in *Surrey* and *Liphook* in *Hants*, he was attack'd by two Highwaymen, who took from him a Guinea, ſome Silver, and a Gold Chaſed Watch with a curious Seal, and 7*s.* 6*d.* from his Footman: Sir *John* preſs'd very much to have his Watch return'd, as what he valued; and promis'd to ſend a Sum of Money equivalent to it to any Place they ſhould appoint; to which one of the Highwaymen agreed, but the other ſwore he would not truſt his Life in the Hands of any Perſon; however, they return'd the Seal, and the Man's 7*s.* 6*d.* One of the Men rode with Sir *John*, and talk'd to him ſome Time before they robb'd him, and Sir *John* lik'd his Horſe, and bid him Money for him; the other was in a different Road, and croſs'd into the Road to the Servant, who was before Sir *John*, and after ſpeaking a few Words, clapp'd a Piſtol to his Breaſt, and told him if he offer'd to ſtir he would immediately ſhoot him; on which Signal the other threw himſelf upon Sir *John's* Piſtols, and ſeiz'd them.

Afterwards they attack'd Mr. *Spooner*, Maſter of the *Red-Lyon* at *Guildford*, who rode away from them: Then they attack'd a Man who was with him, and took from him what Money he had, and ſo made off.——Sir *John* ſaw the Men the Night before at *Liphook*; one of them had a Handkerchief over his Head, tied under his Chin, and is ſuppoſed to be *Gregory*, and that he took that Method of concealing his Scar. He rode on a Dun Mare, and the other on a Bay Gelding.

We hear that by the Bill depending in Parliament the Number of Play-houſes will be reſtrain'd to three, *viz.* *Drury-Lane*, *Covent-Garden*, and the Opera-Houſe in the *Hay-Market*, and that no Tragedy, Comedy, *&c.* ſhall be acted in any Houſe or Place where Wine, Ale, Beer, or other Liquors ſhall be publickly ſold.

By the Death of Sir *Henry Furneſe*, Bart. unmarry'd, his ſole whole Siſter and Heir is a Fortune of 200,000*l.* the greateſt in *England*. But the Title of Baronet is extinct in that Family, it having been granted to Sir *Henry Furneſe* (6 *Ann*) and the Heirs Male of his Body; ſo ceas'd with his Grandſon Sir *Henry*, above-mention'd: The Title of Baronet cannot go to a collateral Branch, a Brother's Son, or Couſin; without a ſpecial Remainder in the Patent.

The Fleet order'd to rendezvouz at *Spithead* under the Command of Sir *John Norris*, will conſiſt of one firſt Rate of 100 Guns, two 2d Rates of 90, ten 3d Rates of 80, ſeventeen 3d Rates of 70, ſeventeen 4th Rates of 60, four 4th Rates of 50, two 5th Rates of 40, five 6th Rates of 20, and three Fire-Ships.

His Majeſty's Ships the *Falkland*, *Torrington Shoreham*, and the *Grampus* Sloop, are order'd on a Voyage to *Newfoundland*, to protect the Fiſhery.

Deaths. Laſt Night died, at his Habitation in *Pall-Mall*, *William Deering*, of the County of *Kent*, Eſq;——Laſt Week died in *Somerſetſhire*, the Rev. Mr. *Biſſe*, who in the late Reign was put in the Pillory, and ſuffer'd a Fine and Impriſonment, for preaching a ſeditious Sermon in that County.

FRIDAY, *April* 11.

We hear, that the Marriage is very far advanc'd, between his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, and the Princeſs *Eleonora Elizabeth*, fourth Daughter to the King of *Pruſſia*; and that his Majeſty will put the laſt Hand to it, when he goes to viſit his *German* Dominions this Summer.

We hear, that the regulating the Nightly Watch, within the City and Liberty of *Weſtminſter*, will be put under the Direction of the ſeveral Veſtries in that City and Liberty.

About Six o'Clock laſt Night, a Fire broke out at St. *Luke's-Head*, a Colour-Shop in *Eaſt-Cheap*, near the *Monument*; it began in the Warehouſe, which was very much damaged; but by the ſpeedy coming of ſix or ſeven Engines, there was but little further Damage.

On Tueſday Night laſt two Perſons went to the *Flying-Bull* near *Hinehead* in *Hampſhire*, and the Landlord ſuſpecting they were the Men who had robb'd Sir *John Osborne*, as ſoon as they were gone to Bed, he acquainted his Neighbours with it, who ſurrounded the Houſe early the next Morning; and the Fellows coming down Stairs and finding they were beſet, retreated to their Room; upon which a deſperate Battle began; the two Rogues fired ſeveral Piſtols, and one Man was ſhot in the Groin; but being at laſt overpower'd they were ſecur'd, and Sir *John's* Watch with ſome other Things were found upon them. One of them is ſuppos'd to be *Gregory*, by the Scar which he has on his Cheek, who had his Noſe cut quite from his Face in the Skirmiſh; the other is thought by the Deſcription to be *Turpin*, his Companion: They were immediately carried before a Juſtice, and committed to the County Gaol.

Yeſterday about half an Hour after One o'Clock, *Philip Wilkinſon* and *William Sweet* were executed in *Kingſton Market-Place*. They ſaid they forgave the Boy and the Woman who were inſtrumental in their Death; deſir'd the Prayers of the Spectators; and juſt before they were turn'd off, declar'd, as they were dying Men, that they were innocent of the Fact for which they ſuffer'd, nor had they been guilty of any Robbery whatſoever; and that they never ſaw the Boy or Woman before they came to appear againſt them. And

Laſt Tueſday died *John Bains*, who was capitally convicted at *Kingſton* for Houſe-breaking, and afterwards received his Majeſty's gracious Reprieve for 14 Years.

Captain *Durfey*, Maſter of the *Papillon* of *Rhode-Iſland*, of 24 Guns, has lately taken a *Spaniſh* Privateer, with 120 Men on board her.

Deaths. Yeſterday died *Maria*, only Daughter of his Excellency the Count *de Montijo*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, at his Houſe in *Ormond-ſtreet*, aged about two Years.——Wedneſday died of the Small-Pox, the eldeſt Son of *Townſhend Andrews*, Eſq; Deputy Pay-Maſter of the Army, and Member of Parliament for *Boſſiney* in *Cornwall*, aged five Years.——Laſt Monday died Mr. *Wallack*, one of the chief Clerks of the Plantation-Office.——Yeſterday died the Lady of *Velters Cornwall*, Eſq; Knight of the Shire for the County of *Hereford*.——Laſt Monday died at *Richmond*, *James Shelton*, Eſq; a young Gentleman of 2000*l.* *per Ann.*——On Wedneſday the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador receiv'd Advice of the Siſter of the Dutcheſs of *Wharton*: She died Maid of Honour to the Queen of *Spain*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 12th Inſtant his Excellency Mr. *Walpole*, Ambaſſador to the States-General, arriv'd at the *Hague* from the

Court of *France*, and immediately began his Conferences with the Lords of the Regency. 'Tis ſaid, that before he left *Paris*, Cardinal *Fleury* put into his Hands a Liſt of the Pretenſions of *France*, and which granted, his moſt *Chriſtian* Majeſty was ready to conſent to an Armiſtice for three Months, to adjuſt minuter Points.

'Tis thought that theſe Pretenſions do not immediately ſquare with the new Plan.

In the mean Time Marſhal *Coigny* is ſet out for the *Rhine*, to take upon him the Command of the *French* Army, and prepare for opening the Campaign. The Troops of the King's Houſhold have likewiſe begun their March, and all the General Officers are order'd to be there by the 20th Inſtant, O. S.

Letters from *Paris* adviſe, that his *Catholick* Majeſty is ſo exaſperated againſt the King of *Portugal*, for approving Mr. *Belmonte*'s Conduct at *Madrid*, and making Repriſals on the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador's Domeſticks at *Liſbon*, that he has order'd three ſeparate Corps of Troops, commanded by the Generals *Villa Darias*, *Laſtoreſz* and *De Caylus*, to enter *Portugal* in three different Places, and march to *Liſbon* to demand a Reparation of the Affront, and prevent the Arrival of foreign Succours. 'Tis added, that the ſaid Troops make near 18,000 Men, that his *Portugueſe* Majeſty has only a Body of 8000 to oppoſe them, and that the Towns of *Elvas* and *Eſtremos*, ſituate on the Frontiers of *Spain*, are already inveſted. *Elvas* has ſtrong Fortifications, and held out formerly againſt the *Spaniards* for the Space of four Months, till the King of *Portugal* could get an Army together ſufficient to raiſe the Siege.

The Inſinuation as if his *Portugueſe* Majeſty had been ſome Time ſeeking an Occaſion for a Quarrel with *Spain* at the Perſuaſion of a certain Court, is ridiculous, ſince the *Portugueſe* would have been undoubtedly better provided, had the Broil been premeditated.

The King of *Spain* has concluded a Treaty of Pacification with the *Mooriſh* Princes in the Neighbourhood of *Oran*, who have granted him a conſiderable Territory round that Place, and have promis'd not to moleſt the *Spaniards* within the ſaid Territory, as the *Spaniards* have, not to moleſt the *Moors* beyond it; they have likewiſe agreed on a mutual Commerce, and in Conſequence of this Peace, his *Catholick* Majeſty has order'd 4000 Men to return to *Spain* from the Garriſon of *Oran*.

The Letters from *Barcelona* ſay, that the *Spaniſh* Militia being put on the Foot of thoſe in *France*, are become very ſerviceable Troops, and that the King has 36 Ships of the Line, beſides Frigates, fit for the Sea this Spring.

The Campaign in *Lombardy*, to all Appearance, will not be open'd yet for ſome Time. The Emperor has order'd ſeveral Regiments from thence to the *Rhine*, where 'tis ſaid he will ſoon have an Army of 120,000 Men.

We have Advice, that the *Ruſſian* Troops have intirely defeated the *Poles* who made the Invaſion into *Sileſia*; and that the Palatine of *Lublin*, with the Staroſti *Jacelsky*, are retir'd to *Frankfort* upon the *Oder*.

Some Advices from *Koningsberg* mention, that King *Staniſlaus* has wrote to the King of *France*, that he had rather live and die in the Circumſtances of a private Man, than be once acknowledg'd for King of *Poland* and then abdicate; and that in caſe he could not be fix'd on the Throne of *Poland*, he was determin'd never to ſhew his Head again in *France*.

Letters from *Cremona* bring an Account, that a Party of 50 *Imperial* Huſſars courſing up towards *Veſcovado*, a falſe Alarm took Place in the Allied Camp, and 'twas believ'd that the whole *Imperial* Army was advancing, whereupon the *French* and *Piedmonteze* Troops were put in Motion, together with a large Train of Artillery; but upon their Approach, the Huſſars ſcamper'd back, and left the Field to the Enemy to triumph in.

Letters from *Stockholm* mention, that the *Ruſſian* Miniſter having complain'd to the King of *Sweden*, that his Subjects ſupply'd the *Poles* of King *Staniſlaus*'s Party with Arms and Ammunition, his Majeſty has forbid all Maſters of Ships carrying any Arms to the Coaſts of *Pruſſia*, under Penalty of the utmoſt Severity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is publiſh'd,
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A SERMON preached in the Pariſh-Church of St. Botolph Aldgate, in the City of London, on Sunday the 30th of November, 1729, occaſioned by the erecting of a Play-houſe in the Neighbourhood. Publiſhed at the Requeſt of ſeveral of the Auditors.

By ARTHUR BEDFORD, *M. A.*

Chaplain to the Worſhipful the Haberdaſhers Hoſpital at Hoxton, and Preacher of the Afternoon Sermons on Sundays at St. Botolph Aldgate.

Printed for J. Wilford, behind the Chapter-Houſe in St. Paul's Church Yard.

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IV. Abſtracts of Sermons againſt Popery, viz. of the Veneration of Saints and Images; of Penance and Pilgrimages; of Worſhip in an unknown Tongue.

V. Poetry: A Marriage Song; the conſtant Admirer; a Hymn to Love; to Maria, a Song; to Miſs Waller; on the Author of the Eſſay on Reaſon; Verſes by Mr. Savage on Mr. Foſter; on a ſtormy Day; the Horſe; the Hermit; the Mulberry; Greece; Tragedy; Foot-Ball; Seating; the Plague; Ode on her Majeſty's Birth-Day, &c. &c.

VI. Domeſtick Occurrences: Promotions Eccleſiaſtical, Civil and Military; Marriages and Births; Deaths; Bankrupts: A remarkable Epitaph, &c.

VII. Prices of Goods, Grain, Stocks; Monthly Bill of Mortality.

VIII. Foreign Affairs.

IX. A Table of Contents.

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Glorious Things are ſpoken of thee, O City of God. Selah. Pſal. lxxxvii. 3.

Who among you will give Ear to this? Who will hearken and hear for the Time to come? Iſa. xlii. 23.

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per Quarter.			*3p.C.* 93		From 2 to 5 Old			37
Wheat	30	31	*MBan* 109 ½		5	10		14
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Barley	14	17	*Y. Bu.* 4		20	30		36
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Tares	20	21	*L. ditt* 12 ½		40	50		38
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